


PICKETT, GEORGE E.

DRAWER

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GENERALS (Confidential)

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Civil War Officers Confederate

George E. Pickett

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

LINCOLN AND GEN. PICKETT.

Hero of the Great Rebel Charge at Gettysburg Got His Cadetship Through the Illinois Lawyer.

A Richmond friend of Mrs. Gen. Pickett recently wrote to her making inquiry as to how her husband received his cadetship appointment. She answered that Gen. Pickett was appointed by Congressman John G. Stuart, of the Third Illinois district, and she explained that Mr. Lincoln induced Stuart to make the appointment. Mr. Lincoln was then associated in the practice of law with young Pickett's uncle, Andrew Johnston, who was later of the firm of Johnston, Boulware & Williams, of Richmond. Mr. Johnston, who has been dead for a number of years, was a great and good man, and was highly esteemed by the president, who, it is said, desired him to become governor of this state, to guide it in its return to the Union. After giving her friend the information sought, Mrs. Pickett goes on to say:

"I have before me a letter from Mr. Lincoln, dated February 22, Springfield, Ill., which, though a private letter, bespeaks his superlative greatness, his accurate perception, and the bent, even at that early day, of his wonderfully penetrating mind. I have just told the folks here in Springfield," he said, "on this, the 110th anniversary of the birth of him whose name, mightiest in the cause of human liberty—still mightiest in the cause of moral reformation—we mention in solemn awe, in naked, deathless splendor; that the only victory that we can call complete will be that one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God's green earth. Recruit for this victory." At the close of the letter he said: "Now, boy, on your march, don't you go and forget the old maxim, 'one drop of honey catches more flies than a thousand gallons of gall.' Load your musket with the maxim and smoke it in your pipe."

"Pickett remembered, for there was not a drop of gall in his whole life. His was the sweetest and the tenderest of natures and no man was more beloved of men, women and children of every degree and station than the high-toned, chivalrous man, the peerless soldier, Gen. George E. Pickett. The soldiers of both armies alike hold his name in reverence; and so modest was he withal, that in his as yet unpublished report of the battle of Gettysburg, the grandest charge ever made in the annals of any history, he, in his unselfishness and devotion to his soldiers, and freedom from personal ambition, gives all the credit, all the glory, all the honor of the charge to 'my men, my brave Virginians,' as he called the soldiers of his dear old division. In the grand unity of truth he gave to them all their dues and in silence tempered with mercy the errors of others."—Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS TOLD BY FOE'S WIDOW

*President's Call at Gen. Pickett's
Home Recounted in a Letter
in Illinois Register.*

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 26 (P).—A simple episode revealing the tenderness of Abraham Lincoln and his friendship for the Confederate general, George Pickett, whom he knew as a boy in Quincy, Ill., is retold in The Illinois State Register by Thomas Rees, its publisher.

Mr. Rees took his story from a letter written by General Pickett's widow to Charles U. Gordon of Greenville, Miss., declining with regret an invitation to attend a Southern States Republican League celebration at Lincoln's last birthday anniversary.

Describing General Pickett as "one of the greatest and bravest generals of the Confederacy," Mr. Rees declared his widow's letter, "written in her old age, worthy of the wife and widow of a great general and leader of men."

The latter, in part, follows:

"The name of Abraham Lincoln, wherever it may occur, recalls a scene from my window in the old Pickett home at the corner of Sixth and Leigh Streets in Richmond on a day in early April after the surrender of our armies. A carriage passing by my home was surrounded by guards and followed by a retinue of soldiers. After it had passed the cavalcade paused and a man alighted from the carriage and came back to our house. Hearing his knock I opened the door, with my baby in my arms, and saw a tall, gaunt and sad-faced man, who asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes sir, but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am, but I just wanted to see the place. Down in old Quincy, Ill., I have heard the lad describe the home. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President," I gasped.

"The stranger shook his head.

"No, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old boyhood friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby."

"I had never seen Mr. Lincoln, but remembered the intense love and reverence with which my soldier always spoke of him."

"It had been long since my baby had seen a man, and being reminded of his own father, he reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms, an expression of almost divine love glorifying his face."

NY TIMES
NOV 27 1927

LINCOLN CALLED ON CONFEDERATE GENERAL

Widow of Pickett Recalls Visit,
When Baby Kissed
President.

By the Associated Press.

1927
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Widow Recalls Past Events.

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Pickett Admired Lincoln.

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ed of his own father, reached out
his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took
him in his arms, an expression of
almost divine love glorifying his
face. The baby opened his mouth
wide and insisted on giving his
father's friend a kiss. Putting the
little one back in my arms, Mr.
Lincoln said:

"Tell your father, the rascal,
that I forgive him for the sake of
that kiss and those bright eyes."

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"BECAUSE HE KISSED HIS BABY"

Each year Lincoln's Birthday finds us with something new to add to the growing tradition of the Great Emancipator.

One of the stories now is that, in Lincoln's early days, a young man named George Pickett told him that he (Pickett) wanted to be a soldier. The result was Pickett's appointment as a cadet at West Point.

Years passed (so the story goes) and the fortunes of war brought Lincoln, the President, to the capital of the defeated Confederacy. Down a quiet Richmond street he went to a house where a woman waited with her baby. After a few friendly words Lincoln kissed the child and went on.

The home in Richmond was that of the rebel general, George Pickett.

From these episodes the chronicler, who got the tale from Mrs. Pickett, reaches the conclusion that "Lincoln was big enough and broad enough, even after Pickett had turned against the very government and man who had given him his military education, to forgive him—because he had kissed his baby."

There is a growing propaganda to exalt Lincoln for qualities not at all those which made him great.

He is, we are told, the saint of the common people. He was raised in a log cabin. He was illiterate, uncouth, queer.

When he was in the White House and the country was at war, the tradition keeps growing that he spent most of his time pardoning soldiers who ran away, writing regretful letters, and making things hard for his military leaders.

Now we are informed that he loved and forgave a Confederate general because he kissed his baby.

Well, God forbid. We are in danger of losing the true Lincoln in a haze of sentimentality.

More than anyone, he got us into the Civil War.

He was inexperienced, but he kept fighting.

He got men for the army first by the fervor of his appeals.

When this did not bring in enough recruits, he drafted them.

He supported Grant and Sherman in their bloodiest campaigns to down the Confederacy. One of these, Sherman's march through Georgia, ranks among the most relentless maneuvers in military history.

The terms of Lee's surrender at Appomattox were grim and uncompromising.

All of which was perfectly right. There was no other way.

Lincoln knew this, and steeled himself. He flinched from no important decision. He never hesitated in a crisis.

These are the qualities which made him great. If we are to keep any true picture of him, they are the qualities by which he must be remembered.

Now sanctification is making him sweet. There is a curious emphasis on one side of his character—a curious overemphasis, we think.

It is not well, we venture to believe, to make Lincoln too much of a saint. Anyway, it is not accurate.

The real Lincoln was a pretty shrewd politician and lawyer. It is a good thing for this country that he was.

THE DRAMA BEHIND THE GETTYSBURG EPIC

By SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

A 17-YEAR-OLD BOY leaned moping over a gate in Quincy, Ill., nearly one hundred years ago. He wished he were home in Virginia, away from these God-forsaken prairies and, above all, away from Uncle Andrew's dreary law books. He didn't want to be a lawyer. He wanted to be like his four cousins, but his peppery uncle had said "no" in more different ways than one would have thought possible.

"What's the matter, my boy?"

He looked up at a tall, gaunt stranger with a big nose and a mole on his right cheek. No young man going on 18 likes

to be addressed as "my boy," but the stranger had such a homely, kindly face that before he knew it the youngster was unburdening himself. Perhaps the Recording Angel took down that conversation, which must have gone something like this:

"So you don't wish to be a lawyer!" said the man sadly. "Where would this country be without law—and justice?"

"Where would this country be without our soldiers, who won and preserved our independence?" countered the boy.

The man laughed: "You argue like a lawyer. You might go far in the profession you despise. But tell me, what do you wish to be?"

"A soldier, sir, an officer. It runs in my family three cousins are in the army and now a letter from home says that Cousin Dick—he's the fourth—passed his West Point exams. I wanted to try for an appointment, but Uncle Andrew says I must

This is the story of the Battle of Gettysburg, the crucial battle of the Civil War, fought seventy-five years ago, on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, and commemorated today by President Roosevelt, who will dedicate an "eternal flame," symbolizing eternal peace among the States. At Gettysburg, on the third day, the cause of the Confederacy was lost when Pickett led his gallant but futile charge. At Gettysburg, four months later, Abraham Lincoln delivered his immortal Address. This is the story of the battle, but it is also the story of the intense personal drama played against the background of that battle—the story of the fateful crossings of the paths of Lincoln and Pickett.



No. 1 Confederate monument at Gettysburg is this General Lee memorial, put up by Virginia at a cost of \$50,000

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing
whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived,
and so dedicated, can long survive. We are met
here on a great battle-field of that war. We have
come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a
final rest-
ing place for those who here gave us that
that living thing is altogether fitting



stick by my bargain and be his clerk and read law with him."

"Uncle Andrew! You must be Andy Johnson's nephew; and your name is—" "Pickett, sir; George Pickett. And you, sir?"

"My name's Lincoln. I don't live here, but I know your uncle well. Better not say anything to him about our little talk; but just you keep rubbing your lamp, like that fellow in the Arabian Nights, and we'll see what happens."

A FEW mornings later George Pickett was awakened by pebbles thrown on his bedroom windowpane. Below stood Abraham Lincoln beside a horse saddled for a journey.

"You won't see me for a few days," he said. "I'm going up the way a piece, but don't forget to rub your lamp."

Every day the young Virginian looked for his friend. At last the mail brought one of those recent innovations of the stationers—a thick envelope. It contained an official-looking document and this letter from Mr. Lincoln:

"I never encourage deceit, and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the worst enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are. Notwithstanding this copy book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest a little prudence on your part. You see, I have a congenital aversion to failure, and the sudden announcement to your Uncle Andrew of the success of your 'lamp rubbing' might possibly prevent your passing the severe physical examination to which you will be subject in order to enter the Military Academy. You see, I should like to have a perfect soldier credited to Illinois—no broken bones, scalp wounds, etc. So I think perhaps it might be wise to hand this letter from me in to your good uncle through his room window after he has had a comfortable dinner, and watch its effect from the top of the pigeon house."

The official document was a nomination for West Point signed by Congressman John T. Stuart of Illinois, Lincoln's law partner and the man who urged him to study law.

West Point was infinitely a harder taskmaster than stern old Uncle Andrew, but when you are happy nothing is hard that you enjoy doing. Cadet Pickett took to soldiering as a fish takes to water. Occasionally he heard from the man whose influence got him his appointment.

"Now, boy," Lincoln wrote, "on your march, don't you go ahead and forget the old maxim that 'one drop of honey catches more flies than a half-gallon of gall.' Load your musket with this maxim and smoke it in your pipe."

DAY. **THE HEROES OF JULY.**
A Solemn and Imposing Event.
Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg.
IMMENSE NUMBERS OF VISITORS.
Organized by Hon. Edward Bee. H.—Speaker of President Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Governor Seymour.
THE PROGRAMME SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT.
The ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery commenced this morning by a grand military and civic display, under command of Major-General Meade. The Mass of march was taken up

ROBERT, LINCOLN, DOUGLASS, AND COOPER. BRIENDER, General Gilman, and Provost-Marshal-General Fry. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS.
The President then delivered the following noteworthy speech:
Four score and seven years ago our Fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Applause.) Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—We cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. (Applause.) The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. (Applause.) It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that these brave men have so nobly carried on. (Applause.) It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain. (Applause.) That the Nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom; and that Government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Long continued applause.)
Three cheers were then given for the President and the Governors of the States

As in any of the and being was million, Sashless eloquent on his of When of laws: I will which words of and have one whole of trust, we here in t are to t it was am in Broadly and this letter to and wit

A contemporary newspaper report that shows how the significance of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was underestimated.

SECOND LIEUT. PICKETT hadn't a half-drop of gall in his disposition. He was jolly, impetuous, fairly bubbled good humor, and he never sent his men where he wouldn't go himself, because he would go anywhere. The Mexican War, which Congressman Lincoln opposed in stern criticism of President Pierce, was a sort of graduation present to the West Point Class of 1846. The country heard of dashing Lieutenant Pickett, who was first on the parapet in the scaling of Chapultepec and who unfurled the flag over the castle. Captain Robert Lee, who every one said was a coming man in the army, was his friend. Lieutenant George McClellan seemed to think almost as much of him as he did of himself. And a lonely lieutenant named Grant almost bit his cigar in two as he grinned and slapped his leg at George Pickett's jokes and tall stories.

Captain Pickett seemed to have too good a time to settle down and marry. One day, when he was past 30 and on duty at round old Fortress Monroe, he ambled down Virginia Beach. A pair of grave eyes with a bit of mischief in them stared at him from under a big cotton umbrella. They belonged to a 12-year-old girl who until then had spent her life regretting she was not the boy her father wanted. Pickett paid mock court to the little girl. When he saw her again she was at boarding school, and the court he paid her was no longer mock. He wrote LaSalle Corbell hundreds of letters signed "Soldier"—infectious, tender little letters full of incident and with just the right number of burning love passages. They are letters that a man writes to one person alone; he would be wretched with embarrassment if any one else saw them. They are letters that a woman would keep and some day be proud to share with the world.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

AFTER the Spring of 1861 Sally Corbell's love letters came from Northern Virginia. Major Gen. Pickett commanded a division in Longstreet's famous corps



of Lee's army, and his letters contained endearing hopes of an early wedding, gay descriptions of grim hardships and grateful admiration of ragged soldiers who hailed him as "Massa Gawge." Late in June, 1863, these letters came streaming from Maryland and even Pennsylvania.

In May, Lee with 57,000 men had whipped Hooker's 97,000 at Chancellorsville, and President Lincoln, wringing his hands, cried "My God, my God! What will the country say!" The country replied with a poem, Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" Lincoln had his eye on a man, but that man was busy on the Mississippi, pounding at Vicksburg.

Lee had won battles on his own soil, he heard nothing from the gaudy-plumed, yellow-sashed, glittering Jeb Stuart.

IN the meantime Lee learned that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, placed his army between the Confederates and Washington and was following them. Lee decided to challenge this threat to his rear. He leaned over his maps, determined to continue his foraging raids in Pennsylvania and wait for Hooker on some favorable ground at Cashton, near Harrisburg.

Lincoln paced the floor of the War Department telegraph office. There would be another battle, and he dared not trust Hooker with it. Mrs. Lincoln was in Philadelphia and worried about returning to Washington. "I do not think the raid into Pennsylvania amounts to anything at all," he reassured her. The Governor of New Jersey reported panic in his State over Lee's Northern raid. "I think you'll not see the foe in New Jersey," the President replied.

Three days before the battle Hooker, angered by a feud with the War Department, resigned. Heavy pressure was resisted by Lincoln to restore McClellan to command. If Grant captured Vicksburg as a Fourth of July gift to the nation, he was the man Lincoln was looking for to take charge of the Union armies; accordingly he raised Meade, a corps commander, to lead the army of the Potomac.

This was swapping horses in midstream with a vengeance. It might be hard on Meade, but the real sufferer was Lee. He knew Hooker's failings and had planned accordingly, but Meade was an unknown quantity. However, Lee did not change his plans. Meade also selected a battle site. He chose Pipe Creek, near the little city of Gettysburg in Southern Pennsylvania.

ALTHOUGH neither Lee nor Meade planned to fight at Gettysburg, some barefoot Confederates decided that matter for them on the first of July. They needed shoes, and Gettysburg had them. A Confederate brigade approached the town but was seen and beaten to the settlement by Federal cavalry. One thing led to another



Old friends whom fate made antagonists—Lincoln (from a portrait made by Gardner in Washington on Nov. 8, 1863, eleven days before the Gettysburg Address) and Pickett, who led the flower of Lee's army to defeat.

Meade Collection, Ewing Galloway, Culver Service, Brown Brothers; drawing on previous page by C. S. Reinhart in Harper's Weekly

and before Meade or Lee knew of it, regiments from both sides heard the firing, came up on the double and joined in. When Lee reached the scene at 2:30 P. M., 50,000 men were engaged. He ordered a flank attack, the Federals were driven through Gettysburg and results of the first day favored the Confederates.

"A neat little scurry," one of Lee's guests, Lieut. Col. Freemantle, on three months' leave from her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, entered that night in his journal. Shortly after midnight Meade arrived at the front and laid his lines for

the next day. You can still poke up a controversy over who deserves the credit for choosing the Union position at Gettysburg. Whoever it was, did a good job, for Meade's 93,000 men ultimately were

strung along a series of hills and ridges in the shape of a capital J. This arrangement made both flanks and center equidistant from one another; and inside the bend of the J, Meade could move his reserves from one end of the line to the other as he needed them without being seen by Confederate scouts.

The forenoon of Gettysburg's second day found the Confederates strung out on a larger, C-shaped curve of ridges facing the outside of Meade's J. Some restrained bickering went on between Lee and Longstreet, whose corps was arriving during

significance overshadowed by the momentous drama of July 3.

All afternoon of the second, Pickett's division marched toward the front to the orchestra of the guns. When its commander reached headquarters he dashed off a note to Sally Corbell quoting what Lee had told Longstreet: "Tell Pickett I'm glad that he's come, that I can always depend upon him and his men but that I shall not want him this evening." Colonel Freemantle, who had spent an exciting day in a tree-top, strolled over to have a look at the commander of Lee's shock-troop division. "Pickett

wears his hair in long ringlets," he sneered into his diary, "and is altogether a desperate-looking character."

"You may expect to hear of brilliant news," wired THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent, L. L. Crounse, from the battlefield.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN spent the night in the telegraph office. When the instruments were silent he slumped in a chair, but at the first click of a receiver he was out of his seat with a bound and stood over the operator while he decoded the message.

THE GREAT BATTLES.

Splendid Triumph of the Army of the Potomac.

ROUT OF LEE'S FORCES ON FRIDAY

The Most Terrible Struggle of the War.

TREMENDOUS ARTILLERY DUEL.

Repeated Charges of the Rebel Columns Upon Our Position.

Every Charge Repulsed with Great Slaughter.

The Death of Longstreet and Ewell.

Our Cavalry Active on the Enemy's Flank.

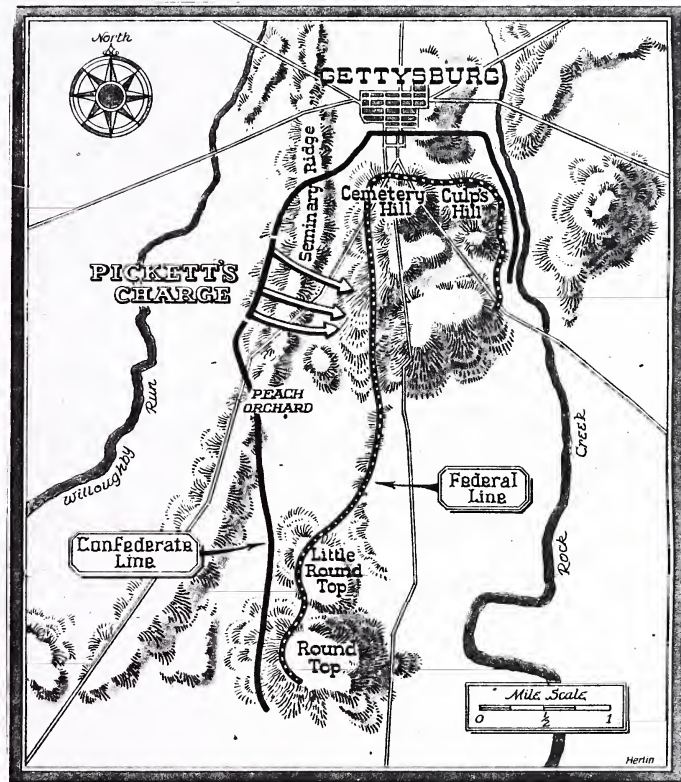
How the North got the news of Gettysburg.

the day. Lee's plans for attack were opposed by Longstreet, who urged that Meade be allowed to wear himself out by assault before the Confederates struck.

WHILE the generals argued, a Confederate band behind one of the ridges played mincing polkas and waltzes. There wasn't much fighting until noon, but after that both sides flew at each other's throats. Round Top, Little Round Top and the Peach Orchard passed desperately into history, their

but that was not enough. He must win a war—and that must be won on enemy territory. He collected 75,000 men, funneled them through the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac into Maryland. He might strike north toward Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital, or southeast at Washington, the Union capital. He could supply his army from enemy stores in Pennsylvania and decide whether to lunge at Philadelphia or Baltimore.

He had lost his "right arm," Stonewall Jackson, at Chancellorsville, and now, prompted by some evil genius, he had given up his "eyes." He permitted his cavalry leader and Sally Corbell's pseudo suitor, J. E. B. Stuart, to make a raid around one of Hooker's flanks and later join him in Maryland or Pennsylvania. For seven days as he marched toward Pennsylvania,



The decisive third day of the decisive battle of the Civil War—A map showing the battle lines at the time of Pickett's charge.

At dawn Lee and his generals went over the day's plans. The cream of his army, Pickett's fresh division and 9,000 others, would advance three-quarters of a mile across an open field toward Federal positions behind a stone wall on a rising slope at the curve of the J. Cavalry would sweep around to force one of the flanks; somewhere, Lee reasoned, Meade's line would fold up. Pickett set down some of the discussion in a letter to his bride-to-be.

"Great God!" Longstreet exploded. "Look, General Lee, at the insurmountable difficulties between our line and that of the Yankees—the steep hills, the tiers of artillery, the heavy skirmish line. Look at the ground we'll have to charge over, nearly a mile of that open ground under the rain of their cannister and shrapnel."

"The enemy is there, General Longstreet," replied Lee, "and I am going to strike him."

Lee massed all of his artillery along Seminary Ridge. On the reverse slope, with orders to remain out of sight, lay the 14,000 men Pickett was to lead. Lee, Longstreet and Pickett rode along the ranks of prone men, and their progress could be traced by a ripple along the line as the men rose and lifted their hats in silent enactment of the gladiators' hail—"We who are about to die!"

When Lee left, Longstreet said to Pickett: "Alexander (General E. Peter Alexander, one of Stonewall Jackson's generals) will give you the order to advance, for I can't."

AT 1 o'clock two signal guns spoke on Seminary Ridge. Lee's 140 pieces of artillery went into action—the heaviest cannonade up to that time on earth. On the western front of the World War fifty-five years later that fire would have been known as a barrage. Exploding shells marked the Union lines, but otherwise all was quiet along the Army of the Potomac. For more than an hour the fire continued, then stopped. The moment had come. Pickett glanced at Alexander, who nodded. He looked at Longstreet, who gulped and turned away. Pickett rose to the theatrics of the occasion. "Then, general, I shall lead my division on!"

Over Seminary Ridge came 14,000 men. Pickett rode a few paces, then scribbled a message which he asked Longstreet to give to Sally Corbell: "If old Peter's nod means death, then good-bye and God bless you, little one."

Thus began the most magnificent military futility in American history. It was not a headlong rush of 14,000 yelling maniacs. It was a double line of battle moving down the slope at a walk, the men with shouldered rifles and with tooth brushes stuck like flowers in the lapels of their coats. When casualties made gaps in the ranks, orders were to close in toward the center of the line. "Guide center!" was the command.

"A most magnificent spectacle," reported Correspondent Crounse.

Some Federal artillery opened up. All was quiet behind the stone wall. The artillery got the range. "Guide center!"

All of Meade's artillery went into action. Small groups of Confederates lay on the field. "Guide center!"

Pickett's men reached the bottom of the downward slope. The line of battle was not as broad as it was back there on Seminary Ridge. "Guide center!"

PICKETT'S men reached the ascent on the other side. Little stabs of flame came from the stone wall. Pickett's line shook as if struck by a heavy wind, then what was left of it broke with a rush at the smoking Union rifles.

Colonel Freemantle saw Confederates leap over the stone wall and a few mad moments with bayonets and clubbed rifles. Without waiting for the outcome, he hurried over to Longstreet, who sat glumly on a rail fence, and congratulated him upon his success. The Englishman thought he saw victory, but what he really saw was the high tide of the Confederacy and the beginning of an ebb which washed down to Appomattox.

What Freemantle also saw was the withering of the flower of Lee's army and the loss of a battle which dashed all Confederate hopes of winning peace that Summer. Gone, too, were expectations of recognition of Jefferson Davis's government by Britain and France. Repulsed at that stone wall across from the ridge where Freemantle stood, the Confederacy's cause was lost, though it lingered twenty months. "Very important news," read THE TIMES headline.

Broken remnants of what forty minutes before were 14,000 of the most seasoned troops in the world trickled back to Seminary Ridge. Pickett found one-quarter of his division fit for duty; the rest lay between the ridge and the stone wall. Tears rolled down his cheeks when he reported to his commander, but Robert E. Lee was the calmest man on the field. "That is all my fault—ALL MY fault," he said, "and you must help me out of it as best you can."

Pickett's letters the next few days were a confused attempt to reconstruct the events of July 3. He knew that he had been in a big battle but he did not know that it was one of the world's



Gen. Pickett.

decisive struggles. Nor did he realize that his charge would be one of the immortal hero tales of a reunited country.

Four months later Abraham Lincoln was shown over the battlefield. "Think of what our men went through here," said his guides at the stone wall. Lincoln pointed at the field beyond. "Yes, and think of what those men went through there," said George Pickett's friend.

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

NEARLY 6,000 Union and Confederate dead were buried where they fell July 1, 2 and 3, with just a few scoops of earth over them. The State of Pennsylvania bought seventeen acres of ground next to Gettysburg Cemetery, dug up the Union dead and arranged the new graves in a big half-circle. A committee was appointed to arrange dedication exercises. For orator of the occasion nothing but America's greatest would do—Edward Everett of Boston, former president of Harvard College and ex-Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Everett accepted for Nov. 19. Printed invitations were sent to prominent men and, as a courtesy, one went to the Executive Mansion.

Much to the surprise and slight anxiety of the committee, Lincoln accepted. No one had dreamed that he would come. The committee met to discuss this unforeseen emergency. An ugly story was in circulation that Mr. Lincoln didn't know how to behave on battlefields, that when he visited Antietam the year before he cracked jokes and asked a friend to sing a comic song where Union dead were piled highest. The story was a lie, but thousands of good people believed it because they wanted to.

The committee reached the obvious conclusion that if the President was coming to Gettysburg he should be asked to speak. Sixteen days before the exercises, the invitation arrived with a delicate hint of the proprieties of the occasion; the President was asked to "set apart formally these grounds for their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

THERE was strong feeling in the country that Lincoln was a failure as President. Thaddeus Stevens, Republican leader of the Senate, favored Salmon Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, instead of Lincoln for the 1864 nomination. He was asked whether he would attend the Gettysburg ceremonies, and his reply went all over Washington, "No, let the dead bury the dead."

Thoughtful Mr. Everett sent to Washington an advance copy of his Gettysburg oration, lest the President might duplicate his remarks. The proofs comprised two full newspaper pages, and the text appeared to cover all that could be said. Lincoln took the proofs with him to a photographer's one Sunday morning, intending to read the Everett oration between sittings while the photographer fussed with his plates and dodged in and out of a black shroud while he got the focus.

Instead of reading the proofs, Lincoln put them on a table beside him and talked with a friend. What would he say at Gettysburg? He didn't know, but whatever he did say would be "short, short, short."

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

LINCOLN jotted down a few notes for his address and filed them in the lining of his stove-pipe hat, which served as head covering and brief case. Before his train left for Gettysburg he had set down nearly half of the text on a sheet of Executive Mansion stationery. He sat down with pencil and paper in his room at Gettysburg that night. The next morning he copied his 267-word address, put it in his pocket and mounted a small horse which bore him in the procession to the soldier cemetery. All distinguished guests but one were on the platform at 11, the scheduled hour. The orator of the day was missing. The crowd waited for Mr. Everett until noon while a band did its best.

The 15,000 who remained were well rewarded, for Governor Everett performed magnificently. "Overlooking these broad fields now reposing from labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice—" From memory, word-for-word as he had written his oration, Mr. Everett spoke for one hour and fifty-seven minutes. "Down to the last period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates the battles of Gettysburg."

By now it was long after lunch time. The crowd boiled around while the Baltimore Glee Club sang an ode for the occasion which Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant and James Russell Lowell all pleaded they had not time to write. The President of the United States was introduced.

M^{R.} LINCOLN adjusted a pair of steel spectacles, pulled from a pocket a few sheets of paper, held them in both hands and read "in a very deliberate manner," reported a TIMES correspondent. When his listeners thought that he had just begun, he stopped and sat down. There was scattering applause, then silence. The maddest man on the grounds was a photographer; his camera was set to catch the

President speaking, but before he got his lens in focus Lincoln was through. A minister stepped forward and fluttered his eyelids in benediction.

"I am disappointed," murmured Mr. Everett. "It is not what I expected of him. What do you think of it, Mr. Seward?"

"He has made a failure," said Lincoln's Secretary of State. "His speech was not equal to him."

"It was a flat failure," admitted Lincoln on the way back to Washington. "I should have spent more time in preparation."

By the next morning Mr. Everett had changed his mind. "I would be glad," he wrote Lincoln, "if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Mr. Everett's reactions were as mixed as those of the press. Said The Chicago Times: "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and disabwtery utterance of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States."

According to one of those intelligent foreigners, the correspondent of The Times of London, "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

"It will live among the annals to come," some one wrote in The Chicago Tribune. The Cincinnati Gazette found it "a perfect thing in every respect." High praise for the address came from The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, The Detroit Advertiser and Tribune and The Providence Journal.

A few miles away from Gettysburg, in Harrisburg, a writer for The Patriot and Union let himself go on Lincoln's remarks. "For the credit of the nation, we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall be no more repeated or thought of."

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

RICHMOND, Va., April 5, 1865, three days after Confederates evacuated and Union troops entered the city, and ten days before the night a shot was fired in a Washington theatre. A young woman, carrying her infant son in her arms, answered a knock at her front door.

"Is this George Pickett's house?" asked a strange man.

"Yes, but he's not at home."

"I know that, ma'am, but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!"

"No, ma'am! No, ma'am, just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

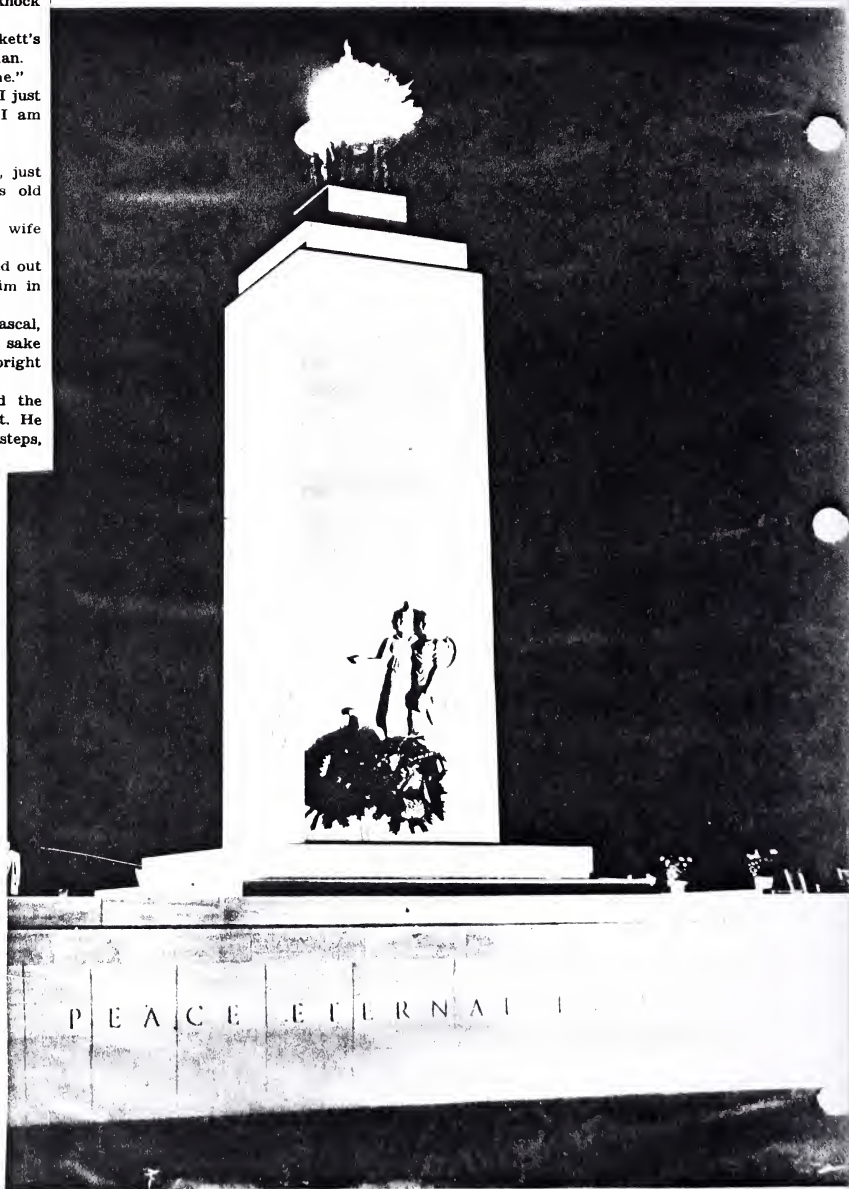
"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby."

George Pickett Jr. reached out his hands. Lincoln took him in his arms and kissed him.

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

Abraham Lincoln handed the baby back to LaSalle Pickett. He turned and went down the steps, talking to himself.

A United Nation Re-dedicates the Fields of Gettysburg



Symbolizing the uninterrupted amity among the States of the Union, this shaft, on Oak Hill where the Confederate troops lined up on the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg, was dedicated on Sunday. The 40-foot column is of Alabama limestone, and it is topped by an eternal light supplied with natural gas from West Virginia.

LINCOLN AND PICKETT.

Among the personal friendships interrupted but not ended by the Civil War, one of especial interest was between Abraham Lincoln and George E. Pickett. Lincoln was much the older, and when he was an influential figure in Illinois politics, young Pickett was ambitious to enter West Point. Lincoln secured an appointment for him, and while he was at the academy wrote him many letters of kindly, almost fatherly, advice. Mrs. Pickett quotes from one of them in her memorial volume to her husband, "Pickett and his men."

"I have just told the folks here in Springfield," wrote Mr. Lincoln, "on this one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birth of him whose name, mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in the cause of moral reformation, we mention in solemn awe, in naked, deathless splendor, that the one victory we can ever call complete will be the one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God's green earth. Recruit for this victory."

At the close of the letter he said:

"Now, boy, on your march, don't you go and forget the old maxim that 'one drop of honey catches more flies than a half-gallon of gall.' Load your musket with this maxim, and smoke it in your pipe."

Pickett remembered, for there was not a drop of gall in his whole life.

Short as was Mr. Lincoln's time when he passed through Richmond after its surrender, he went to the old Pickett home to hunt up his friend and former partner, General Pickett's uncle. He asked about the general himself, and then for the general's wife. When Mrs. Pickett heard the caller ask for George Pickett's wife, she went forward with her baby in her arms.

"I am George Pickett's wife," she said.

"And I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President?"

"No. Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

Seeing the baby's outstretched arms, Mr. Lincoln took him and kissed him. As Lincoln restored the baby to his mother, he said, in that deep and sympathetic voice which was one of his greatest powers over the hearts of men:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your mother's smile and your bright eyes."





